Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : : MISSOURI.

FEMININE FINERY.

Charming Frocks and Accessories That Are Designed for the Summer Season.

The high ceinture or girdle is gaining favor from day to day and taking on the daintiest of details as finishings. No summer gown will be quite complete without it, says a fashionable authority.

As soon as the warmer weather comes the soft Panama shapes will be worn again and of these some very inexpensive kinds can be procured which are not so smart as the real Panama, but still quite good enough for country wear. Very little is required for the trimming of these hats beyond a soft scarf or oriental silk gauze or louisine silk ribbon, and a girl who is clever with her fingers can easily trim a hat of this kind with perfect success.

A charming fancy of which we do not seem to tire is that for the little, short lace coats known as tea or coffee sacks and which are often worn over a blouse. There is no doubt of the utility of such garments, especially for afternoon wear at home. They give a finish to a blouse and are not difficult or costly to obtain. A pair of sleeves put into an exaggerated collar, worn with a becoming sash or waistband, will practicaly constitute one of these little sacks.

Some charming afternoon frocks are made in spotted voile. Very smart was one made in a dull shade of red, with a great silk spot thereon, the bodice finished with a shawl-like collar of Irish crochet lace, held together with red and gray taffeta strappings and tiny tags. This frock was very simple, having only a few very small box plaits on the bodice and down the front of the skirt, finished with a well-boned waistband of red and gray shot satin. The hem of the skirt consisted of three large tucks; it just touched the ground all round, but did not trail anywhere. It seemed to be very frou-frouy at the feet.

Pale blue is one of the smartest colors for accessories and for entire costumes. These, however, are for occasions. For all the time there's dark blue, true blue. In voile and etamine it is standard, navy and royal blue being the most favored shades. Some of the smartest linen dresses are also in blue, and blue from the most delicate Delft to the deepest navy. And they are made rather simply, for they "must wash." That is, the plain ones must. When it comes to the coquettish affairs, trimmed with contrasting lace and the like, it's another story. These, however, are for occasions rather than all the time.

The white frock is the corner stone and foundation of this season's summer outfit, and if, instead of a white frock, a woman has white frocks, so much the better. There are all sorts and conditions of white gowns, and, save for considerations of laundering, there is no reason why a woman of moderate income should not go in for simple white tub frocks, but they must be frocks that may really be put into the tub each week. The white tub frock that will tub is a profitable investment. It will stand laundering better than any colored material. For the white morning frock, linen is first favorite, and, although this season has seen astonishing elaboration of linen frocks, the tailored frock of white linen has a chic distinction of its own for morning wear and for informal afternoon wear.

CARE OF THE CISTERN.

Simple Precautions Which Will Materially Aid in Preserving Health.

In the greater number of cases, typhoid fever is caused either by the use of impure water or milk. Where the farmer has healthy cows there is no danger from the latter source, but it is surprising how much carelessness there is in regard to drinking water, says the American Tribune. If a cistern is used, it should be thoroughly cleaned every fall and only winter rains allowed to empty into it. Where there is no filter, lower a sack containing about half a bushel of charcoal into the cistern and it is well to test the family drinking water at least once during the season, as water which is at one time pure may for some reason become unfit for use.

A simple test of drinking water is to fill a pint bottle three-quarters full. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of pure granulated sugar in the water and cork the bottle. Set it in a warm place for two days. If in that time it becomes cloudy it is unfit for domestic use. Be careful that the bottle is absolutely clean and the sugar pure. Another test is to add five drops of saturated solution of permanganate of potassium to a pint bottle of water. This will turn the water a beautiful rose purple. If there is any considerable amount of organic matter in the water, the color will change in a few hours to a more or less dirty reddish brown.

It has been announced by the Chicago health department, after careful experiments, that a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a glass of water will destroy the typhoid fever germ. This should not be depended upon, however, to make impure water healthy. It is also stated on good authority that one per cent. of borax in drinking water, will make it perfectly safe and the borax instead of being in itself injurious, will aid the digestion.

A Fine Salad Vinegar.

This will be found to be a great addition to your pantry stores, if you are a salad maker. Take three ounces each of shallots, chives, tarragon and sweet savory, two tablespoonfuls of dried mint leaves and the same of balm; pound all together in a mortar and then put them in a gallon jar. Fill up with strong white wine vinegar, cork tightly and let stand a fortnight exposed to the sun each day; then filter through a flannel bag, bottle and cork securely.—N. Y. Post.

Retribution.

First Mosquito—The experts are trying to murder us.

Second Mosquito—Don't fear; we'll soon put them behind bars.—Judge.

FIVE or six years ago, when the rain-making experiments were being conducted, first at Washington, afterward in Texas, my college chum and I became greatly interested in the subject.

We were then sophomores at B. Elementary chemistry was our regular course of study that year, and we spent most of the spring term experimenting on our own account and exploding a vast number of gas balloons.

We made a great deal of noise, and maintained that we produced rain. Showers certainly did follow some of the explosions.

The spring term closed on June 26, and all the boys went home, except my chum Jarvis and myself, who, in consequence of spending so much time experimenting, had been "conditioned," and had a week's hard work to make up in our Greek.

Rather than have it hanging over us all summer and into the next year, we agreed to do it at once and have done with it. Permission was accorded to us to go on living in our rooms at the hall, and the resident professor in Greek consented to give us an extra examination.

Hardly anyone except the old janitor knew that we had not gone home as usual; for, naturally, we were not very proud of being obliged to stay after term time to make up our work. We stayed indoors all day, and burned the midnight oil, besides.

It was dreadfully hot during the last four days of June, but we toiled away with Greek grammar and lexicon, hoping to get home for the Fourth of July; and we should have done so, but our Greek professor ate too much cantaloup on the day set for the examination, and thought for 48 hours he had appendicitis.

It proved to be no such serious trouble, but it hindered our plans. The professor was not able to examine us till the afternoon of the third, so we could not possibly get home for the Fourth.

Jarvis was furious.

"Confound cantaloup!" he grumbled. "And confound a professor that doesn't know better than to eat it! No use to start now. We couldn't get home!" he raged on. "I won't spend the Fourth in a railway car! Let's stay here and shake the old town up! Let's send up a balloon at midnight! We'll make it rain here to-morrow!"

Rather an incendiary sentiment, the reader will say, but we had been shut up with Greek for six long, hot days.

We had access to the laboratory in Chemistry hall, where we had our balloons, and generated the oxygen and hydrogen gas for exploding them.

There was a quantity of cotton cloth, paper and glue, which had not been used; and that evening we made a balloon ten feet in diameter, which we succeeded in charging, outside the window, with oxygen and hydrogen from the laboratory retorts, in the proportion of two to one, that being the formula by which the two gases unite to produce water—and a particular ear-splitting explosion.

We finished the balloon, and had the gas generated at a little past 11 o'clock; and then, after charging a large Leyden jar from the static electrical machine, we started out to astonish the quiet little town, and usher in the Fourth of July.

We had a large ball of strong manila twine and a spool of small copper wire, the ends of which were attached for a spark at the base of the balloon.

We led our balloon, like a frisky colt, along the lane at the rear of the chemistry building, and out across the campus to the edge of the pine woods. Then we let it rise.

The night was very dark and still, but clouds had risen in the north and west, and there was a frequent glow of lightning in that quarter, although so distant that the thunder could not be heard.

"There's a shower coming!" Jarvis exclaimed, as the balloon began its ascent. "We shall have to make haste."

But as yet there was not a breath of wind stirring; the balloon had risen and hung directly overhead, and was pulling hard at its restraining string.

We knew from past experience that when the electric spark acted on the two gases the explosion would be something tremendous; but we thought that at a height of 800 or 900 feet, out there by the woods, no damage would follow.

And perhaps none would have followed, if all had gone as we planned, but Jarvis had a great deal of trouble connecting the wires. He was bothering with them for some minutes.

Then suddenly the first gust of the oncoming shower struck us.

What followed came quickly. The balloon swayed over before the wind. Down it bowed until the cord strung out far aslant.

"Good gracious!" I cried, holding hard. "She'll get away from me, Jarve! Touch her off quick, or she will break away!"

In the darkness we could not see just where the balloon was, or what it was over.

But the next moment we saw! Jarvis had managed at last to connect the wires and touch off the balloon. There came a sudden blaze and a tremendous detonation, as if the whole town had cracked clean down through the center of the earth!

The shock bowled us both over, and we heard a crash of timbers following the report. The thing had exploded about 30 feet over the barn and shed of a worthy inhabitant of B., who lived near the ball grounds, and kept a lazy horse which he hired to the boys at such high prices that they had nicknamed him "Old Gripus."

"We've done it now!" gasped Jarvis, as he scrambled hastily to his feet. "That's Old Gripe's barn!"

But that was not the worst. Shreds of the burning paper and cloth from the balloon must have fallen among hay and straw, for even as we stood staring in that direction a bright flame shot up from the building.

The only thing left us now was to run to the house and shout: "Fire!" That we did with a vengeance, and soon roused the fire department; the new steam engine and two old hand "tubs" responded.

Through their united efforts, aided considerably by the shower which soon began to pour copiously, the old man's house was saved from the fire, but the barn and shed and an old buggy were consumed.

Jarvis and I were greatly worried, and, indeed, were on the verge of honorable confession of our act; but now, I am sorry to say, to our relief, we found that it was the unanimous opinion of every one, including the fire department and the owner himself, that the barn had been struck by lightning! For everybody in town had heard what they believed to be an awful clap of thunder!

Jarvis nudged me in the crowd, and we went home to talk it over. We had very little spare cash, and disliked exceedingly to go home, own up to such a prank, and try to get $250 each from an unsympathetic father.

"Chum," said Jarvis, with a downcast look, "this is a pretty low game, I know, but hadn't we better let well enough alone—for awhile, at least?"

It was a terrible temptation, and I have to confess that, after a great deal of mental agitation, we surrendered to it.

There was $300 insurance on the barn, but the loss was estimated at $500.

We never mentioned the matter to each other during our two remaining years in college, for we were far from rich; yet I knew by the way Jarvis would look at me once in awhile that he was thinking of it, and trying to discern how I felt.

But we said nothing. Directly after our graduation Jarvis went out to Hawaii, and I did not see him for three years; but we wrote every month or two.

I knew that we should have to settle for the damage before we could feel right; still, I did not like to open the subject to Jarvis, for I did not know exactly how he was situated. It transpired that he felt the same way about it as I did; but the sense of dishonor wore him out first.

"I say, Jack," he added, as a postscript to his letter last New Year's day, "Gripe's old barn is pretty heavy on my conscience. Hadn't we better fix that up? In equity it will be a matter of $390, interest and all, which we owe to the Phoenix company, and $260 to Gripus; $325 each. Hadn't we better do it?"

We squared up the long-standing "conscience account" last month; and thus—after six years—ended our effort to make it rain in B. on the night before the Fourth of July.—Youth's Companion.

A Noble Boy.

One fine, bright Fourth of July morning, as old Mr. Jones was walking down the street, he met Master George Pillgarlic.

"You would not put fire-crackers under an old man, would you?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Not I," answered the manly little fellow, with an intelligent smile. "It's no fun when they're too stiff to jump."—Kansas City Independent.

His Idea.

Teacher—How did the Fourth of July originate?

Tommy—Why, the fireworks people started it, of course.—Chicago Daily News.

The Small Boy's Day

THIS is—
If any one should ask you,
Or even if no one should—
The Day we Celebrate.
That is,
To-morrow is the Day,
But we start in
All of one day previous
So as to be certain
Of good measure.
Don't worry,
Or lose any sleep over it
If no one should ask you—
Never fear,
Every one will find it out.
The man who didn't know
That it was
The
Fourth
Of
July
Would have to be blind
In both eyes,
Deaf in both ears
And lame in his intellect.
To be perfectly safe
It would be well also
For him to be
In darkest Africa
And to have been
Dead ten years.
There is no danger
But people will find it out.
In fact,
Most of them know it now
And those who do not
Are rapidly acquiring
The information.

Along about this time of year
It is one of the
Most obvious facts
Ever brought to the attention
Of a great people.
It is easier than falling
From a bicycle
To know when it is
The Independence day.
All one has to do
Is to remove one's head
From between the pillows,
Take the cotton
Out of one's ears
And listen.
Fourth of July.
Was invented by the Yankees.
The Chinese worked patiently
For many centuries
And invented the firecracker.
Together they make
A great combination,
Also a noise
Which resembles the shot
That was heard round the
world.
Only it's louder.

In the olden times
Fourth of July
Was comparatively harmless.
The average boy
Had about five cents
To spend.
That would buy 100 crackers.
After they were touched off
He was through.
Possibly he got up in the morning
And shot off the old musket,
But he was not allowed
To waste ammunition
During the day
No one was hurt
Unless he ate too much.
Now it is different.
The small boy
Who is not allowed
To have two toy pistols,
One in each hand,
A firecracker between each toe
And a bunch of cannon crackers
To throw into street cars
Thinks he is abused
And that his father
Is not patriotic.

Many years have passed
Since we licked the British
But, say, we did such a job
Of it that we are
Obliged to get together
Once every year and
Yell!
Our forefathers fought,
Bled and died
That we might shoot firecrackers
Once a year
Provided we had the money
Or credit
To get them.
They licked the British
So thoroughly
That the latter
Never interfere
With our innocent sports.
And we are at liberty
To shoot off our thumbs,
Ears or toes
To express our feelings.

Then turn the Small Boy loose.
Give him full swing,
And matches,
As well as guns.
Let him enjoy himself
While we
Take to the woods.
—Chicago Daily News.

DIED ON THE FOURTH.

Three Presidents Have Passed Away on the Birthday of the United States.

Three presidents of the United States died on the Fourth of July, two on its fiftieth anniversary. One was Thomas Jefferson, who 50 years before had signed the Declaration of Independence, and John Adams, who at the same time, had, after a three days' debate, secured the adoption of the Declaration. It might be taken for granted that these two representative men were warm personal friends, even if history were silent upon the subject, which it is not. When Jefferson was dying on that day which he had so signally helped to distinguish, his friend was also breathing his last. Adams did not know of Jefferson's illness, and his last words were: "Thomas Jefferson still survives;" as if there was consolation in the thought. But his friend had already passed from earth.

President Monroe, whose famous "doctrine" has kept his memory green, also died on the Fourth of July (1831). Of him Jefferson said: "If his soul were turned inside out, not a spot could be found on it." That Monroe, like his distinguished friend and predecessor, should pass away on the anniversary of the independence of the country he served so faithfully, is a touching coincidence.

The first republican vice president of the United States, Hannibal Hamlin, closed his long career on the Fourth of July, 1891.—Detroit Free Press.

Up Against the Fourth.

"No, I do not need any skin plaster," said Johnny's mother to the agent at the door, who was trying to sell her some.

"Say, is it any good if you blow your thumbs off?" asked Johnny, in a hoarse whisper.

"You bet it is, my little man," warbled the agent. "It'll make new ones grow on again in a jiffy."

"Then, ma," urged Johnny, "you'd better get some, 'cause I'm a-goin' to bump up against the Fourth of July awful hard this year."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Thoughtful Wife.

"Did the Fourth pass off satisfactorily with you?"

"Oh, very."

"With so large a family of boys, I didn't know but you might—"

"Of course, of course. There was chance for serious trouble, but we learn by experience, and my wife is very thoughtful and far-seeing. She invited our family physician to dine with us, so all the burns were promptly dressed."—Chicago Evening Post.

EXCHANGING THE SAFE.

A Business That Is Replete with Tales of Financial Success and Failure.

A "safe exchange" in Centre street harbors many stories of successes and failures in the business world, says the New York Times. There are stored dozens of strong boxes, from small private home affairs hardly large enough to receive a gallon jug to huge vaultlike safes in which two men might stand. They tell of reverses of fortune. Men or women who have money and valuables enough to warrant their keeping them in an iron safe either at home or at the office, sometimes lose them and have no further need for the protection against burglary. Others who own small safes have their efforts crowned with successes and find the small boxes inadequate for the accommodation of all the stuff they want to put under strong lock and key. Each people deal with the "safe exchange."

The proprietor of the place has noted these rises and falls of the tide of prosperity in individual instances.

"A couple of years ago," he said the other day, "a shabbily dressed man came to me and purchased a small safe like this one," and he pointed out one that was not larger than a bushel basket. "A year later he exchanged it for a larger one. A few days ago he sold the second one back to me and told me he was going to a safe company to buy a brand new one considerably larger than the last. You should have noticed his appearance, though. He was a prosperous man of business, and wore fine clothes and a silk hat and carried a cane. I never knew what his business was, but it's certain he was successful.

"It would make you weep to see some of the people who come here to sell their safes," continued the dealer. "Many have told me of their hard luck—how they lost their fortune or their all, whether it was enough to be called a fortune or not. For people who had valuables enough to need a safe for their keeping, they drive hard bargains, I tell you. They sometimes argue an exasperatingly long time for a price for their old safes that we absolutely could not pay and get out even on the deal. Their demeanor is much unlike that of the person who has been lately successful. Between the two, of course, we manage to make our living."

PEDIGREES FOR BOGUS CURIOS.

Titled Degenerate in London Who Cooperated with Shady Dealers in Antiquities.

Never has there been more heard about bogus art antiques, false and fabricated old masters and the like than lately, but still a great many rich purchasers lay the flattering unction to their souls that they, at least, have not been gulled, inasmuch as they have a pedigree of an authentic kind attached to every curio they have ever bought, says London Tit-Bits.

But just as much artfulness and pains have been employed in the fabrication of "authentic" histories to old masters as have been expended on these latter works themselves. Here is an actual case—absolutely known at first hand to the writer, who learned the whole of the details of shams, each one with a written pedigree, put off upon collectors. About town in London was a certain degenerate and titled member of the aristocracy. The only sign or shadow of property left to him was a beautiful ancient manor house that was mortgaged up to the very hilt.

The house stood in a remote spot and had scarcely a stick of funiture left in it. A shady dealer in curios of all kinds sought out the titled ne'er-do-well and made certain proposals to him. As a consequence the mortgages on the ancient manor were paid off and transferred to the dealer in antiquities. Directly afterward van loads of paintings, of black oak furniture, of arms and armor, of worm-eaten tapestry and of every conceivable art object began to arrive at the almost empty manor house. Then, in a few weeks, announcements began to appear to the effect that "the ancestral home of the last of an ancient race (name given) was about to be denuded of the treasures of art that had been acquired during the lives of ancestors for 1,000 years."

And this sale positively lasted over several weeks—as though the very cellars had been packed with art treasures. Collectors, everywhere, even usually suspicious ones, pointed to this or that dearly acquired object and said, proudly: "That came from Blank manor house, the wonderful depository that Lord Nemo dispersed." Even after that Lord Nemo disposed of a few things still left in his town house.

Badges for Opium Smokers.

A government monopoly and a factory for the preparation of opium has been established at Fukien, China. Hereafter all opium smokers who wish to purchase the drug must obtain from this establishment badges which are of three classes, viz.: First, brass badge, which is for the government officials; second, paper badge, which is for the gentry, and third, wooden badge, which is for the common people. On these badges are written the names of the opium smokers, their ages, their addresses and the quantity of opium they are allowed to buy daily, which is to be decided and limited by the government officials and which cannot be deviated from at any time. The interest of Americans for this news consists in the fact that from the province of Fukien comes most of the Chinese of the Philippines. The Manila Times even thinks such a method of controlling the opium abuse in our new dependency should be adopted by our government.

Signs of Hydrophobia.

As to hydrophobia: Beware of the dog when it becomes dull and hides away; appears restless; always on the move and prowling; whose countenance is somber and sullen walks with head down like a bear. Beware of the one that scratches incessantly and tears up things. Look out for the dog that has become too fond of you and is continually trying to lick your hand and face. Beware, above all, of the dog which has difficulty in swallowing, which appears to have a bone in its throat, and one that has wandered from home and returns covered with dirt, exhausted and miserable.—Chicago Post.

OUT WITH THE RASCALS!

Inquitious Conduct of Federal Departments Glossed Over by the President.

The deeper the post office scandal is probed the greater is the extent of the rottenness revealed. There are indications of fraud, favoritism, "graft," blackmail and pickings and stealings in nearly every branch of the postal service.

The civil service commission's report that the Washington post office has been used as a dumping-ground for large numbers of unnecessary employes is confirmed by the report of Special Examiner Bristow, though Mr. Payne seeks to put all the responsibility upon the late and still lamented McKinley and his Postmaster General Smith.

The rural free delivery mail carriers have been used as "drummers" for private business and electioneering agents for congressmen. Mailpouches have been bought at three times the market price. Large printing contracts have been so drawn as to be securely awarded to favored bidders at enormous profits. Cash registers, mailboxes and other fixures have been foisted upon the government through political "push," in the profits of which conniving officials or their relatives have shared. Promotions and increases of salary have been obtained for a price.

A recent Washington dispatch to a republican evening paper in this city said that—

"Although the crisis of the investigation of post office department scandals is expected to come this week, and result in a number of arrests of persons both in and out of the postal service, the astonishing statement was made at the department this morning that the ramifications of fraud and scandal and criminality are widening at such an ever-increasing pace that the inquiry, which has now been in active progress for more than three months, will probably last all summer and may possibly even extend through the next session of congress."

A "high authority" in the department is also cited by the same correspondent as suggesting that—

"By the time the legislative body convenes the disclosures of corruption in the postal service will be such that the results will occupy a considerable portion of the time of both houses, and make the memory of the famous star-route cases pale into insignificance."

In this emergency what is the president doing? Has he removed the postmaster general who characterized the charges as "hot air" and denounced the honest man who brought them as "a wind-bag?" No; he has simply ordered him not to talk.

Has he directed the suspension or removal of any of the officials under whose administration these frauds and abuses have occurred? Only one, and that tardily. Two of them have been allowed to resign and another has been given a leave of absence.

Has the president made any public declaration of his purpose to go to the top as well as to the bottom and to see that "no guilty man escapes?" No; he has repeated his tiresome talk of the need of a big navy to protect us in our "aggressive" foreign policy—concerning which the people of this country are both innocent and ignorant—but has, as the Evening Post says, "kept silent when the enemies are of our own household."

If this policy of silence and looking for little scapegoats shall continue, the democrats will need no other issue for the campaign of next year than that embodied in the war-cry that elected Tilden in 1876:

"TURN THE RASCALS OUT!"

——In all the states where republican state conventions are adopting resolutions nominating Roosevelt for 1904 a "snap" advantage is taken by occupying the field, like a squatter on public land, a year in advance of the proper time. The republican state conventions this year cannot speak for the republican conventions of next year. Next year's conventions will be held for the special purpose of electing delegates to the republican national convention by which a candidate for president will be nominated.

——The republican convention of Pennsylvania indorsed Gov. Pennypacker for his wisdom, fearlessness, ability, patriotism and conscientiousness. Gov. Pennypacker acquired all these admirable qualities by virtue of being the cousin of Matthew Stanley Quay.—Detroit Free Press.

——Mr. Roosevelt's plain duty to the country is to force Mr. Payne, no matter how powerful the influences may be that seek to smother this manifestly far-reaching scandal, to live up to the historic mandate, "Let no guilty man escape!"—N. Y. World.

WARNING TO FIRST VOTERS.

Protection Literature Placed in Their Hands by Protected Manufacturers to Mislead.

The American Tariff league, an organization composed of 1,000 protected manufacturers who pay $100 a year each in dues, and who contribute generously besides, is sending thousands of circular letters throughout the country in an endeavor to secure the names of all first voters in 1904. The letter says that "a great number of young men do not look upon protection as a vital interest to themselves and to their country. No time should be lost in placing in the hands of such young voters a series of protection literature especially adapted."

Young voters, when you get the numerous pamphlets which will be sent to you at the expense of these protected manufacturers, ask yourselves a few questions like the following:

1. As I am not a manufacturer, why should I vote for tariff duties which prevent competition from foreign manufactured goods and enable American manufacturers to form a trust and obtain higher prices?

2. How can a duty on goods protect labor?

3. With labor on the free list and immigrants flocking to this country unchecked at an average rate of 3,000 per day, why should I vote for a system to make goods dear and increase the cost of living?

4. Being a farmer, and knowing that the prices of grains are fixed in foreign, free-trade markets, why should I vote to maintain a bogus tariff on wheat and corn, which serves as a cover to the genuine protection on manufactured goods?

5. Why should manufacturers who are selling goods all over the world at free trade prices be encouraged by a high tariff to sell the same goods here at 50 or 100 per cent. higher prices?

6. Why should I vote money out of my pocket and into the pockets of the protected trusts?

7. Does the Protection Tariff league think that we young voters are everlasting chumps, and that we can be duped by its thinly disguised sophistry?

These and other similar questions, taken before and after, will render tariff league literature innocuous and harmless even when taken in ton lots. The worst thing that could happen to protection and its beneficiaries, the manufacturers, is to start tariff discussions in our granges, labor organizations and homes. The tariff league is supplying its sophistry to 6,000 papers every week. It has kept steadily at this work for 15 years. Its members have become millionaires and multimillionaires in the meantime. They are interested in having the farmers and workingmen believe that all of our prosperity, our good crops, our fertile soil, are due to "protection." They know well that "protection" enables the trusts to skim the cream off our prosperity and leaves only the skimmed milk for the farmers and laborers. But can we blame them for asking us to support this system? We can stop the tariff plundering when we know and vote for our own interests. Why not do it?

BYRON W. HOLT.

THE TRUSTS ADVISE THE PEOPLE TO "STAND PAT" AND HOLD THE HORN OF PLENTY—FOR THE TRUSTS.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

——President Roosevelt made 265 speeches on his western trip. Does anybody recall what he said?—Atlanta Journal.

——We never thought so game a standpatter as Unk Mark would lay down his hand to the first bluff.—Atlanta Constitution (Dem.).

——There is a new postage stamp—the stamp of corruption. In size it was as high as 40 per cent. of government contracts.—Indianapolis Sentinel (Dem.).

——If the populists are really going over to Teddy, why not make Jerry Simpson his running mate? Teddy and Jerry ought to sweep something.—Memphis Commerical-Appeal.

——Mr. Roosevelt is expected soon to say who will be the next chairman of the republican national committee. Probably Hanna thought of that when he flopped.—Buffalo Enquirier.

——Of course, Quay had his machine convention indorse President Roosevelt in return for the patronage of the state that the president has given him. Quay has not had as soft a snap for many a year as he has under the present administration. Every federal office in the state has been filled with a Quay partisan. Roosevelt and Quay, what strange bedfellows politics do make.